

17.12.2019 – AZ Lindenhof

2019-11-26 Schwarz = Shrink&Jazz alle Grün = Christmas Rot = Trio Blau = Duo

1 **Have Yourself A Merry Little Christmas****
C

2 **Santa Claus Is Coming to Town**
F I: Turnaround. S: 3-mal

3 **Stars Fell on Alabama**
F I: 4 Takte

4 **If I Were a Bell**
B 8 T. S: C-H-B. Ding dong ding instr.

5 **My Baby Just Cares for Me**
C voc, s/p, immer Break S: 2x Stopp auf Me

6 **On a Slow Boat to China**
Es I: Chinesisch p; S: 2x, Ton aushalten

7 **Rockin' Around the Christmas Tree**
G. Nüüt. S: gestreckt

8 **Volare**
Es I: voc. voc-sax Verse/Thema-voc

9 **I Love Paris**
D/Dmoll S. einfach

10 **Let It Snow**
B. S: Instrumental «Let it snow ...»

11 **A Foggy Day**
B Sax. voc-sax/p-voc/sax. S: normal

12 **Besame Mucho**
Am

13 **Winter Wonderland**
G S: dehnen ab A⁷

14 **These Foolish Things**
B, langsam. 1 A frei, voc/p

15 **Whispering**
As Old Time Jazz

16 **Girl from Ipanema**
Es Mittelteil einfach spielen. voc/sax/voc

17 **Santa Baby**
C S: alle singen. S 3-mal

18 **Zugabe: Route 66 (C-Dur)**
C 2-er-Breaks. S +2x4T

Have Yourself A Merry Little Christmas**

Music by Hugh Martin Lyrics by Martin Blane 1943

A ₁	C ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	A ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	
	C ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	B ^{-5b7}	E ⁷	A ⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	
A ₂	C ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	A ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	
	C ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	B ^{-5b7}	E ⁷	A ⁷		G ⁻⁷		
B	F ^{7j}	F ⁻⁶	E ⁻⁷	E ^{b0}	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}		
	F ^{#-5b7}	B ⁷⁻⁹	E ⁻⁷	A ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	
A ₃	C ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	A ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	
	C ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	B ^{-5b7}	E ⁷⁻⁹	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b+7}	G ⁻⁷	G ^{b7}	
	F ^{7j}		D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}		C ^{7j}		

C

Original:

Have yourself a merry little Christmas
It may be your last
Next year we may all be living in the past

Have yourself a merry little Christmas
Pop that champagne cork
Next year we may all be living in New York.

Fassung Frank Sinatra:

Have yourself a merry little Christmas
Let your heart be light
From now on, our troubles will be out of sight

Have yourself a merry little Christmas
Make the yuletide gay
From now on, our troubles will be miles away

Here we are as in olden days
Happy golden days of yore
Faithful friends who are dear to us
Gather near to us once more
Through the years we all will be together
If the fates allow
Hang a shining star upon the highest bough
And have yourself a merry little Christmas now
Oft wird vorher zusätzlich ein Intro gesungen:
Christmas future is far away
Christmas past is past
Christmas present is here today
Bringing joy that will last.

Santa Claus Is Coming to Town

Music & Lyrics by Haven Gillespie & J. Fred Coots 1934

A ₁	F ^Δ	F ⁷	B ^{b7}	B ^{b-7}	F	F ⁷	B ^{b7}	B ^{b-7}	
	F ^Δ	D ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ		C ⁷		
A ₂	F ^Δ	F ⁷	B ^{b7}	B ^{b-7}	F	F ⁷	B ^{b7}	B ^{b-7}	
	F ^Δ	D ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ		F ^Δ		
B	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{bΔ}		C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{bΔ}		
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ	C ^{#0}	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ⁷		
A ₂	F ^Δ	F ⁷	B ^{b7}	B ^{b-7}	F	F ⁷	B ^{b7}	B ^{b-7}	
	F ^Δ	D ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ		F ^Δ		
S	F ^Δ	F ⁷	B ^{b7}	B ^{b-7}	F	F ⁷	B ^{b7}	B ^{b-7}	
	F ^Δ	D ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ	D ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
	F ^Δ		F ^Δ						

F I: Turnaround. S: 3-mal

You better watch out,
 you better not cry,
 better not out,
 I'm telling you why:
 Santa Claus is comin' to town.

He's making a list
 and checking it twice,
 gonna find out
 who's naughty and nice,
 Santa Claus is comin' to town.

He sees you wen you're sleepin',
 he knows when you're awake,
 he knows if you've been bad or good,
 so be good for goones sake.

Oh! You better watch out,
 you better not cry,
 better not pout,
 I'm telling you why:
 Santa Claus is comin' to town.

Stars Fell on Alabama

Music by Perkins Lyrics by Mitchel Parish 1934

A ₁	F ^Δ	D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁺⁵	F ^Δ	B ^{b7} /G ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b0}	
	G ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ	D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁻⁹	
A ₂	F ^Δ	D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁺⁵	F ^Δ	B ^{b7} /G ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b0}	
	G ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ	G ⁻⁷	A ^{b0}	A ⁻⁷	
B	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b0}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ⁶	F [#]	
	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷ A ^{7/c#}	D ⁻⁷	D ^{-7/c}	B ⁻⁷	E ⁷	A ^Δ	C ⁷	
A _{2/3}	F ^Δ	D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁺⁵	F ^Δ	B ^{b7} /G ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b0}	
	G ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ		(G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁻⁹)	

F I: 4 Takte

We lived our little drama, we kissed in a field of white
 And stars fell on Alabama last night
 I can't forget the glamor, your eyes held a tender light
 And stars fell on Alabama last night

I never planned in my imagination a situation so heavenly
 A fairy land where no one else could enter
 And in the center, just you and me
 My heart beat like a hammer, my arms wound around you tight
 And stars fell on Alabama last night

I never planned in my imagination a situation so heavenly
 A fairy land where no one else could enter
 In the center, just you and me
 My heart beat like a hammer, my arms wound around you tight
 And stars fell on Alabama last night

If I Were a Bell

Lyrics and Music by Frank Loesser 1950

A ₁	C ⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	B ^b Δ	
	B ⁰	G ⁷	C ⁷	F ⁷	
	B ^b Δ	E ^b ⁷ / _G	E ^b ⁷ / _G F ⁷⁻⁹	B ^b Δ	B ^b ⁷ / _{A^b}
	G ⁻⁷	E [∅]	A ⁷	D ^Δ	D ⁷
				E ^b ⁷ / _G	D ^Δ
A ₂	C ⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	B ^b Δ	
	B ⁰	G ⁷	C ⁷	F ⁷	
	B ^b Δ	E ^b ⁷ / _G	B ^b Δ	A ⁷⁺⁵	A ^b ⁷
	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^b ^{6/9}	(C ⁻⁷
		D ^b ⁰			G ⁷⁻⁹
					D ⁷ D ^b ⁰)

B 8 T. S: C-H-B. Ding dong ding instr.

Ask me how do I feel
 Ask me now that we're cosy and clinging
 Well sir, all I can say, is if I were a bell I'd be ringing!

From the moment we kissed tonight
 That's the way I've just gotta behave
 Boy, if I were a lamp I'd light
 And If I were a banner I'd wave!

Ask me how do I feel,
 Little me with my quiet upbringing
 Well sir, all I can say is if I were a gate I'd be swinging!

And if I were a watch I'd start popping my springs!
 Or if I were a bell I'd go ding dong, ding dong ding!

Ask me how do I feel
 From this chemistry lesson I'm learning.
 SKY (spoken) Uh, chemistry?
 SARAH (spoken) Yes, chemistry!
 Well sir, all I can say is if I were a bridge I'd be burning!
 Yes, I knew my moral would crack
 From the wonderful way that you looked!
 Boy, if I were a duck I'd quack!
 Or if I were a goose I'd be cooked!

Ask me how do I feel,
 Ask me now that we're fondly caressing
 Pal, if I were a salad I know I'd be splashing my dressin

Or if I wwere a season I'd surely be spring

Well, if I were a bell I'd go ding dong, ding dong ding!

My Baby Just Cares for Me

Music by Walter Donaldson Lyrics by Gus Kahn 1930

A ₁	C ^Δ	C ^Δ	C ^Δ	C ^Δ	
	C ^Δ	C ^{#0}	D ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	
	E ⁷	E ⁷	A ⁻	A ⁻⁷	
	D ⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	G ⁷	
A ₂	C ^Δ	C ^Δ	C ^Δ	C ^Δ	
	A ⁷⁻⁹	A ⁷	D ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	
	B ⁷	B ⁷	E ⁻	A ⁷	
	D ⁻⁷	D ⁷ G ⁷	C ^Δ (E ^{b0}	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷)	

C voc, s/p, immer Break S: 2x Stopp auf Me

My baby don't care for shows,
 My baby don't care for clothes,
 My baby just cares for me!
 My baby don't care for fur and laces,
 My baby don't care for high-tone places.
 My baby don't care for rings,
 Or other expensive things,
 She sensible as can be.
 My baby don't care who knows it,
 My baby don't care for me!
 My baby don't care for jazz,
 A better idea she has,
 My baby just cares for me!
 My baby won't stand for outside petting,
 For theatres and joyrides she's not fretting.
 My Baby's no "gadabout."
 At home she's just mad about,
 'Cause Baby's home-grown you see,
 My baby don't care who knows it,
 My baby don't care for me!

My baby dont care for shows
 My baby dont care for clothes
 My baby just cares for me
 My baby dont care for cars and races
 My baby dont care for high-tone places

Liz Taylor is not his style
 And even Lana Turners smile
 Is somethin he cant see
 My baby dont care who knows
 My baby just cares for me

On a Slow Boat to China

Music by Frank Loesser 1948

A ₁	E ^b Δ	(G ⁻⁷)	C ⁷ _{/E}	F ⁻⁷	F [#] 0	
	E ^b Δ		G ⁷	A ^b Δ	G [∅]	C ⁷
	F ⁻⁷		F [#] 0	E ^b Δ	G [∅] _{/D^b}	C ⁷
	F ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	F ⁻⁷	B ^b 7	
A ₂	E ^b Δ	(G ⁻⁷)	C ⁷ _{/E}	F ⁻⁷	F [#] 0	
	E ^b Δ		G ⁷	A ^b Δ	G [∅]	C ⁷
	F ⁻⁷		D ^b 7	E ^b Δ	D ^b 7	C ⁷
	F ⁷		F ⁻⁷	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	
			B ^b 7	/D		

I'd love to get you on a slow boat to China, all to myself, a lone. Get you and keep you in my arms evermore, leave all your lovers weeping on the faraway shore.

Out on the briny with a moon big an shiny, melting your heart of stone, I'd love to get you on a slow boat to China, all to myself, alone.

Es I: Chinesisch p; S: 2x, Ton aushalten

Rockin' Around the Christmas Tree

Music Harold Arlen Lyrics E. Y. Harburg 1938

A ₁	G ^Δ		G ^Δ		A ⁻⁷		D ⁷		
	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^Δ		
A ₂	G ^Δ		G ^Δ		D ⁷		D ⁷		
	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^Δ		
B	C ^Δ		C ^Δ		B-		B-		
	E-	E ^{-7j}	E ⁻⁷	E ⁻⁶	A ⁷ • • •		A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	
A ₃	G ^Δ		G ^Δ		A ⁻⁷		D ⁷		
	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^Δ		

G. Nüüt. S: gestreckt

W

Volare

Music Domenico Modugno Lyrics D.M. & Francesco Migliacci/M Parrish 1958

V	E ^b Δ	E ^o	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}
	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ
	G ⁻⁷	G ^{b0}	F ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷
	F ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7} C ⁷⁻⁹
A ₁	F ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷ C ⁷⁻⁹	F ⁻⁷ ^{/B^b}	F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7-9}
	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ B ^{b7}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷
B	F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}	E ^b Δ C ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}	E ^b Δ C ⁻⁷
	C ⁻ C ^{-Δ}	C ⁻⁷ C ⁻⁶	G ⁻ D ⁷⁺⁵	G ⁻⁷
	D ^o	G ⁷	C ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷
	A ^{b-7}	A ^{b-7} D ^{b7}	G ^b Δ	B ^{b7} F ⁷⁻⁹
A ₂	F ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷ C ⁷⁻⁹	F ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7-9}
	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ B ^{b7}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷ C ⁻⁷
	F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}	E ^b Δ C ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}	E ^b Δ

Es I: voc. voc-sax Verse/Thema-voc

Penso che un sogno così non ritorni mai più. Mi dipingevo le mani e la faccia di blu. Poi d'improvviso venivo dal vento rapito. E incominciavo a volare nel cielo infinito. Volare oh, oh Cantare oh, oh, oh, oh Nel blu dipinto di blu Felice di stare lassu

E volavo, volavo felice Più in alto del sole ed ancora più in su Mentre il mondo pian piano Spariva lontano laggiù Una musica dolce suonava Soltanto per me. Volare oh, oh Cantare oh, oh, oh, oh Nel blu dipinto di blu Felice di stare lassu

Ma tutti i sogni nell'alba svaniscono perché Quando

tramonta, la luna li porta con sé Ma io continuo a sognare Negli occhi tuoi belli, che sono blu Come un cielo trapunto di stelle Volare oh, oh Cantare oh, oh, oh, oh Nel blu, degli occhi tuoi blu, Felice di stare quaggiù

E continuo a volare felice Più in alto del sole ed ancora più su Mentre il mondo pian piano scompare Negli occhi tuoi blu La tua voce e una musica dolce Che suona per me. Volare oh, oh Cantare oh, oh, oh, oh Nel blu, degli occhi tuoi blu Felice di stare quaggiù Nel blu, degli occhi tuoi blu, Felice di stare quaggiù

I Love Paris

Music & Lyrics by Cole Porter «Can-Can» 1953

I	D ^Δ	D ^Δ	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	
	A ⁷	A ⁷	D ^Δ	D ^Δ	
	F [#] ∅	B ⁷	E ⁷	E ⁷	
	E [∅]	A ⁷	D ^Δ	A ⁷⁻⁹	
A	D-	D-	D-	D-	
	D-	D-	E [∅]	A ⁷	
	E [∅]	A ⁷	E [∅]	A ⁷	
	E [∅]	A ⁷	D-	D-	
	D ^Δ	D ^Δ	D ^Δ	D ^Δ	
	D ^Δ	F [#] - ⁷	F [∅]	E ⁻⁷	A ⁷
	G ^Δ	G ^Δ		F [#] - ⁷	B ⁷
	E ⁻⁷	A ⁷		D-	D- (E [∅] A ⁷)

Verse:

Ev'ry time I look down
 on this timeless town,
 Whether blue or gray be her skies,
 Whether loud be her cheers,
 or whether soft be her tears,
 more and more do I realize (that ...)

I love Paris in the spring time,
 I love Paris in the fall,
 I love Paris in the summer when it sizzles,
 I love Paris in the winter when it drizzles

I love Paris ev'ry moment,
 ev'ry moment of the year,
 I love Paris, why, oh why do I love Paris?
 Because my love is here.

D/Dmoll S. einfach

Let It Snow

Music by Jule Styne Lyrics by Sammy Cahn 1945

A ₁	B ^b Δ	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	D ⁻⁷	D ^b O	F ⁷ / _C	G ⁷	
	C ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ⁻⁷	D ^b O	F ⁷ / _C	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	
A ₂	B ^b Δ	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	D ⁻⁷	D ^b O	F ⁷ / _C	G ⁷	
	C ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ⁻⁷	D ^b O	F ⁷ / _C	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	
B	F ^Δ		F ^Δ	F [#] O	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ	
	F ^Δ		F ^Δ		G ⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ	
A ₃	B ^b Δ	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	D ⁻⁷	D ^b O	F ⁷ / _C	G ⁷	
	C ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ⁻⁷	D ^b O	F ⁷ / _C	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	

B. S: Instrumental «Let it snow ...»

Oh the weather outside is frightful,
 But the fire is so delightful,
 And since we've no place to go,
 Let It Snow! Let It Snow! Let It Snow!

It doesn't show signs of Pauseping,
 And I've bought some corn for popping,
 The lights are turned way down low,
 Let It Snow! Let It Snow! Let It Snow!

When we finally kiss goodnight,
 How I'll hate going out in the storm!
 But if you'll really hold me tight,
 All the way home I'll be warm.

The fire is slowly dying,
 And, my dear, we're still good-bying,
 But as long as you love me so,
 Let It Snow! Let It Snow! Let It Snow!

A Foggy Day

Music by Georges Gershwin Lyrics by Ira Gershwin 1937

I	B ^b Δ	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷⁺⁵	B ^b Δ	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷⁺⁵
	B ^b Δ	A ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷
	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷⁺⁵	B ^b Δ	D ⁻⁷ D ⁻⁶	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷⁻⁹
	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷⁻⁹	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷⁺⁵	B ^b Δ G ⁷	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷
A ₁	B ^b Δ	G ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷⁻⁹
	B ^b Δ	G [∅] /D ^{b7}	C ⁷	F ⁷
	B ^b Δ	F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}	E ^b Δ	A ^{b7}
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁻⁹	C ⁷	F ⁷
A ₂	B ^b Δ	G ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷⁻⁹
	B ^b Δ	G [∅] /D ^{b7}	C ⁷	F ⁷
	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^b Δ	A ^{b7}
	B ^b Δ /F C ⁻⁷ /F	B ^b Δ /F C ⁻⁷ /F	B ^b Δ /F G ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷
	B ^b Δ (D ⁷)	C ⁷ F ⁷		

B Sax. voc-sax/p-voc/sax. S: normal

I was a stranger in the city.
 Out of town were the people I knew.
 I had that feeling of selfpity,
 what to do! What to do? What to do?
 The outlook was decidedly blue.
 But as I walked through the foggy streets alone,
 it turned out to be the luckiest day I've know.
 A foggy day in London town

Had me low and had me down.
 I viewed the morning with alarm,
 the British Museum hat lost its charm.

How long I wondered, could this thing last?
 But the age of miracles hadn't passed.
 For, suddenly, I saw you there
 And through foggy London town the sun was
 shining ev'ry where.

Besame Mucho

Music Consuelo Velazquez & Lyrics by Sunny Skylar 1941

I	A-		A-		D-		D-	
	D-	C#°	D-	E ⁷	A-		A-	
	A ⁷		A ⁷		D-		D-	
	A-		B ⁷	E ⁷	A-	D- ⁷	A-	
A	A-		A-		D-		D-	
	D-	C#°	D-	E ⁷	A-		A-	
	A ⁷		A ⁷		D-		D-	
	A-		B ⁷	E ⁷	A-	D- ⁷	A-	
B	D-		A-		E ⁷	D-	A-	
	D-		A-		B ⁷	F ⁷	E ⁷	
A	A-	D-	A-		D-	x	D-	
	D-	C#°	D-	E ⁷	A-	E ⁷	A-	
	A ⁷		A ⁷		D-		D-	
	A-		B ⁷	E ⁷	A-	D- ⁷	A-	

Am

Bésame, bésame mucho
 Como si fuera esta noche la última vez
 Bésame mucho
 Que tengo miedo perderte, perderte otra vez

Quiero tenerte muy
 Cerca, mirarme en tus
 Ojos, verte junto a mí
 Piensa que tal vez
 Mañana yo ya estaré
 Lejos, muy lejos de ti

Bésame, bésame mucho
 Como si fuera esta noche la última vez
 Bésame mucho
 Que tengo miedo perderte, perderte después

Winter Wonderland

Music by Felix Bernard Lyrics by Dick Smith 1934

A	G ^Δ		G ^Δ		D ⁷		D ⁷	
	D ⁷		D ⁷		A ⁷	D ⁷	G ^Δ	
A	G ^Δ		G ^Δ		D ⁷		D ⁷	
	D ⁷		D ⁷		A ⁷	D ⁷	G ^Δ	
B	B ^Δ	F ^{#7}	B ^Δ		B ^Δ	F ^{#7}	B ^Δ	
	D ^Δ	A ⁷	D ^Δ		E ⁷	A ⁷	D ⁷	
A	G ^Δ		G ^Δ		D ⁷		D ⁷	
	D ⁷		D ⁷		A ⁷	D ⁷	G ^Δ	
S	G ^Δ		G ^Δ		D ⁷		D ⁷	
	D ⁷		D ⁷		A ⁷		D ⁷	
	G ^Δ		G ^Δ					

G S: dehnen ab A⁷

Sleighbells ring, are you list'nin'?
 In the lane, snow is glist'nin',
 beautiful sight,
 we're happy tonight,
 Walkin' in a Winter Wonderland!

Gone away is the bluebird,
 here to stay is a new bird;
 He sings of a love song,
 as we go along,
 Walkin' in a Winter Wonderland!

In the meadow we can build a snowman,
 Then pretend that he is Parson Brown
 He'll say, "Are you married?"
 We'll say, "No man!
 But you can do the job when you're in town!"

Later on, we'll conspire,
 As we dream by the fire,
 To face unafraid,
 the plans that we made,
 Walkin' in a Winter Wonderland!

//

In the meadow we can build a snowman,
 Then pretend that he's a circus clown;
 We'll have lots of fun with Mister Snowman,
 Until the other kiddies knick him down!

When it snows, ain't it thrillin',
 Tho' your nose gets a chillin'?
 We'll frolic and play
 the Eskimo way,
 Walkin' in a Winter Wonderland!

These Foolish Things

Music by Jack Starchey & Harry Link Lyrics by Holt Marvel 1953

A ₁	B ^b Δ	G ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷⁻⁹	B ^b Δ	G ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^b Δ	G ⁷⁻⁹	C ⁷		C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	
A ₂	B ^b Δ	G ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷⁻⁹	B ^b Δ	G ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^b Δ	G ⁷⁻⁹	C ⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	A ⁷⁻⁹	
B	D ⁻		E [∅]	A ⁷⁻⁹	A ⁻	A ⁻⁷	B [∅]	B ^{b-}	
	A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷ /A ^{b0}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ⁷	D ⁻⁷ D ^{b-7}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷⁻⁹	
A ₃	B ^b Δ	G ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷⁻⁹	B ^b Δ	G ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^b Δ	G ⁷⁻⁹	C ⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	F ⁷⁻⁹	

A cigarette that bears a lipstick's traces, An airline ticket to romantic places, And still my heart has wings. These Foolish Things remind me of you.
 • A tinkling piano in the next apartment, Those stumbling words that told you what my heart meant, A fair ground's painted swings, These Foolish Things remind me of you.
 • You came, you saw, you conquer'd me; When you did that to me, I knew somehow this hat to be.
 • The winds of March that make my heart a dancer, A telephone that rings, but who's the answer? Oh, how the ghost of you clings! These Foolish Things remind me of you.

First daffodils and long excited cables, And candlelight on little corner tables, And still my heart has wings, These Foolish Things remind me of you.
 • The park at evening when the bell has sounded, The "Île de France" with all the gulls around it. The beauty that is Spring's, These Foolish Things remind

me of you. • How strange, how sweet, to find you still; These things are dear to me, They seem to bring you near to me.
 • The sigh of midnight trains in empty stations, Silk stockings thrown aside, dance invitations, Oh, how the ghost of you clings! These Foolish Things remind me of you.

Gardenia perfume ling'ring on the pillow, Wild strawb'ries only seven francs a kilo, And still my heart has wings, These Foolish Things remind me of you.
 • The smile of Garbo and the scent of roses, The waiters whistling as the last bar closes, The song that Cropsy sings. These Foolish Things remind me of you.
 • How strange, how sweet, to find you still; These things are dear to me, They seem to bring you near to me.
 • The scent of smould'ring leaves, the wail of steamers, Two lovers on the street who walk like dreamers. Oh, how the ghost of you clings! These Foolish Things remind me of you.

B, langsam. 1 A frei, voc/p

Whispering

Music by John Schonberger Lyrics by Malvin Schonberger 1920

I	A ^b Δ	B ^o	B ^b -7	E ^b 7
A ₁	A ^b Δ A ^b Δ B ^b 7 A ^b Δ / _C	A ^b Δ A ^b Δ B ^b 7 B ^o	A ^b o /G ⁷ F ⁷⁺⁵ E ^b 7 B ^b -7	A ^b o /G ⁷ F ⁷ E ^b 7 E ^b 7
A ₂	A ^b Δ A ^b Δ B ^b 7 B ^b ∅	A ^b Δ A ^b Δ B ^b 7 E ^b 7	A ^b o /G ⁷ F ⁷⁺⁵ E ^b 7 A ^b Δ	A ^b o /G ⁷ F ⁷ E ^b 7 A ^b Δ

As Old Time Jazz

Whispering the while you cuddle near me,
whispering so no one near can hear me;
each little whisper seems to cheer me;
I know it's true, there is no one, dear but you, you're
whispering just why you'll never leave me,
whispering just why you'll never grieve me;
whisper and say that you believe me,
whisper that I love but you.

Lass mich dein Badewasser schlürfen,
einmal dich abfrottieren dürfen
und deine Oberweite messen
und alle andern Frau'n vergessen, vergessen.
Lass mich dich einmal nur massieren
und deine Rippen dabei spüren,
für einen Kuss auf deine Sohlen
möcht' ich dein Pantoffel sein.

Lass mich auf deinem Sofa ahnen,
lass mich doch deine Steuern zahlen,

lass mich doch deine Wimpern pinseln,
vor deinem Himmelbettchen winseln, ja winseln.

Lass mich dich Tag und Nacht verhätscheln
und deine schlanken Hüften tätscheln,
lass mich heut' Nacht dein Troubadour sein
und vor dir mich niederknien.

Lass mich doch deine Wäsche waschen,
von deinem Frühstücksteller naschen,
lass dir beim Gurgeln in den Mund sehn
und deiner Seele auf den Grund geh'n, ja Grund
geh'n.

Lass deine Pfirsichhaut berühren
und dich im Mondschein pediküren,
laß dir ein Heia-Liedchen singen,
daß du süßer träumen kannst,
(. . . süßer träumen kannst, Traum von mir.)

Text: Comedian Harmonists, 20er-Jahre

www.mevis.de/~meyer/Gedichte/Badewasser.html

http://www.skiffle.de/s_bade.txt

Girl from Ipanema

Music by Antonio Carlos Jobim Lyrics by N. Gimbel & V. DeMoraes 1965

I	E ^b Δ	E ⁷	E ^b Δ	E ⁷	
A ₁	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	F ⁷	F ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7} / _E	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	
A ₁	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	F ⁷	F ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7} / _E	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	
B	E ^Δ	E ^Δ	A ⁷	A ⁷	
	E ⁻⁷	E ⁻⁷	C ⁷	C ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷	D ^{b7}	D ^{b7}	
	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁺⁹	F ⁻⁷	E ⁷	
A ₁	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	F ⁷	F ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷	E ⁷	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	
S	E ^b Δ	E ⁷	E ^b Δ	E ⁷	
	E ^b Δ	E ⁷	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	

Es Mittelteil einfach spielen. voc/sax/voc

Tall and tan and young and lovely,
The boy from Ipanema goes walking,
And when he passes, each one she passes goes –
“aaah”.

When he walks, he's like a samba
That swings so cool and sways so gentle
And when he passes, each one she passes goes –
“aaah”.

Ooh, But I watch him so sadly
How can I tell him I love him?
Yes I would give my heart gladly –
But each day, when he walks to the sea
He looks straight ahead, not at he (me)
Tall and tan and young and lovely
The boy from Ipanema goes walking
And when he passes, I smile – but he doesn't see.

Santa Baby

Music & Lyrics by Joan Javits, Phil Springer & Tony Springer 1953

A ₁	C ^Δ	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	
	C ^Δ	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	
A ₂	C ^Δ	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	
	C ^Δ	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ	A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷	C ^Δ	
B	E ⁷	B ⁻⁷	E ⁷		A ⁷	E ⁻⁷	A ⁷		
	D ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷		G ⁷	D ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	
A ₃	C ^Δ	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	
	C ^Δ	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ	A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷	C ^Δ	

C S: alle singen. S 3-mal

Santa Baby, just slip a sable under the tree,
For me.
Been an awful good girl,
Santa Baby, So hurry down the chimney tonight.

Santa Baby, a fifty four convertible too,
Light blue.
I'll wait up for you dear,
Santa Baby, so hurry down the chimney tonight.

Think of all the fun I've missed,
Think of all the fellas that I haven't kissed,
Next year I could be just as good,
If you check off my Christmas list,

Santa baby, I wanna yacht,
And really that's not a lot,
Been an angel all year,
Santa Baby, so hurry down the chimney tonight.

Santa honey, there's one thing I really do need,
The deed
To a platinum mine,
Santa honey, so hurry down the chimney tonight.

Santa cutie, and fill my stocking with a duplex,
And checks.
Sign your "X" on the line,
Santa cutie, and hurry down the chimney tonight.

Come and trim my Christmas tree,
With some decorations bought at Tiffany's,
I really do believe in you,
Let's see if you believe in me,

Santa baby, forgot to mention one little thing,
A ring.
I don't mean on the phone,
Santa baby, so hurry down the chimney tonight,
Hurry down the chimney tonight,
Hurry, tonight.

Zugabe: Route 66 (C-Dur)

Music and Lyrics by Earl Hines & Henry Wood 1933

I ₁	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	
	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	
I ₂	G ^Δ	C ⁷	G ^Δ	E ⁷	
	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^Δ	G ⁷	
B	G ^Δ	C ⁷	G ^Δ	G ⁷	
	C ⁶	C ⁶	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ	C ^Δ U.S.W.	

C 2-er-Breaks. S +2x4T